

FOGGY BOTTOM NEWS

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FOGGY BOTTOM'S POTOMAC

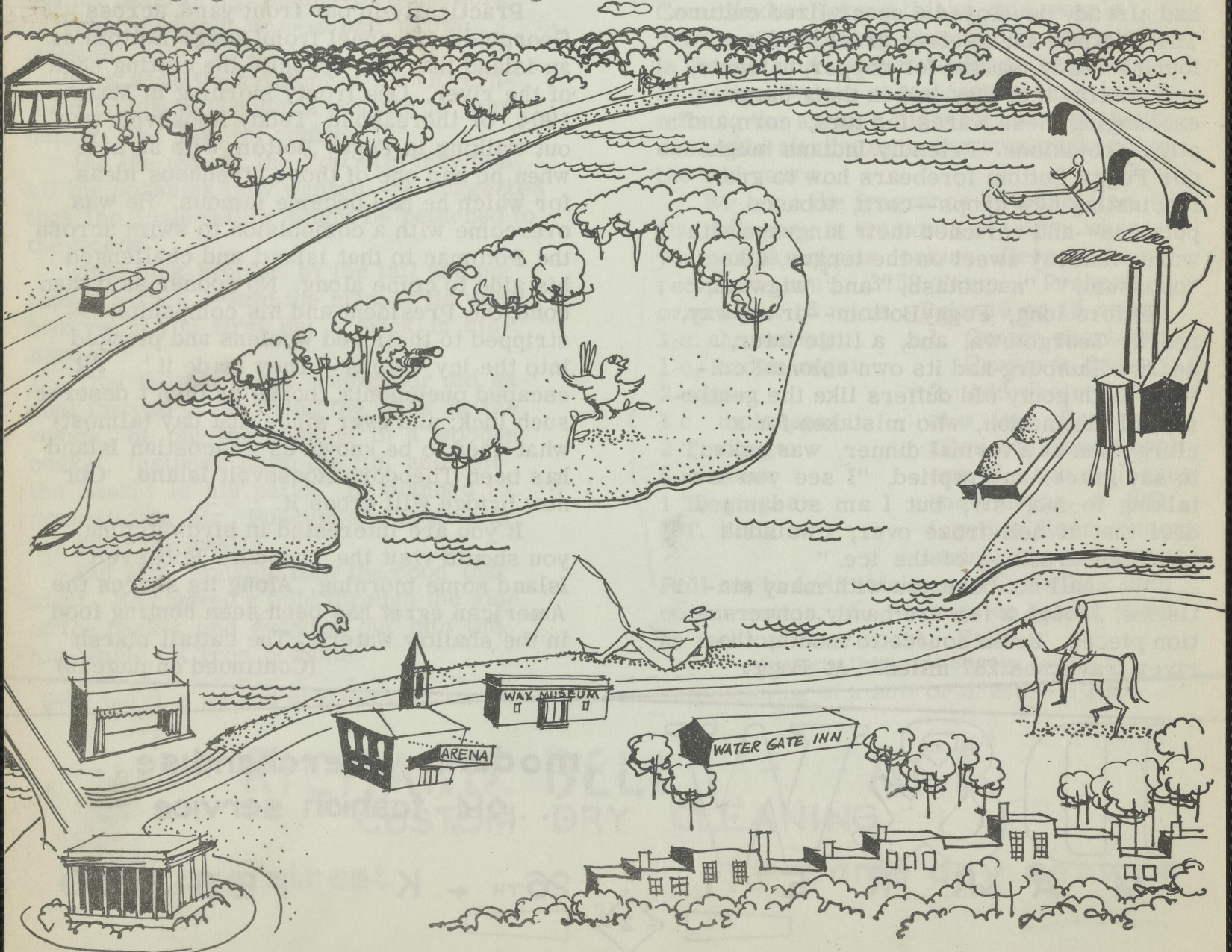
When you view the Potomac River from Foggy Bottom's west window, the river comes down to you from the west; it makes a 45 degree turn from its northerly course at Rock Creek.

If the sun is setting behind the Virginia hills beyond the river, your heart will leap with delight as your eye follows the silver ribbon upstream to Key Bridge, which sparkles with the ruby tail-lights of homeward bound cars crossing from Georgetown and the Freeway. Above the bridge you see in dim outline the Old World spires of Georgetown University.

This is the part of Potomac River Foggy Bottom claims as its own. As you watch it in the fading light of sunset, the evening

silence is broken by the "boom-boom" of a lonely boat announcing its arrival at the up-river port where it will soon deliver a cargo of oil or gravel. A passenger plane arriving from St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, or from who knows where winks its pink eyes as it plunges out of the sky and, guided by the silver ribbon of the river, heads downstream to airport.

But for practical purposes, the river isn't what it used to be. A century and a half ago, the largest ships that sailed the sea were tied up at the port of Georgetown. George Washington thought a great city must emerge here on the Potomac's shores, where great natural routes converged, North, South, West, and East.



Before the colonists came, the original settlers, the Indians had a flourishing civilization here, probably as long ago as 500 B. C., as archeologists reveal in artifacts they dug up on the sites of riverside villages millenia old.

Perhaps right here on the site of Foggy Bottom lived some of the aborgines Captain John Smith described when he explored our shores in 1608. These people were tall and dark, wrote Smith, and they covered their bodies with a mixture of oil and paint for beautification, and to protect their bodies from mosquitoes. Different systems of body painting were developed and tattoing was common among the women. They wore only aprons in the summer and added capes of deerskin in winter. With their jewelry they took much care wearing many necklaces and bracelets of shells and beads. That was Foggy Bottom in 1608.

What did Potomac mean originally ? They say--the historians and the ethnologists--that the word belongs to the Algonquian tongue, and signifies "something brought." It was a verbal noun, and when used as a description of a place it meant "where something is brought," or, more freely, "a trading place."

Sure enough, the Indians that the colonists found here were great traders--they had already developed a specialized culture. The English, themselves great traders, found a ready market for copper, hatchets, and jewelry that they had in their cargoes, exchanging these wares for furs, corn, and other provisions. Friendly Indians taught our Foggy Bottom forebears how to grow fascinating new crops--corn, tobacco, potatoes--and enriched their language with words that lay sweet on the tongue, like "opossum," "succotash," and "wigwam."

Before long, Foggy Bottom--or anyway, nearby Georgetown, and, a little later, nearby Hamburg--had its own colonial culture, with gouty old duffers like the gentleman of distinction, who mistaken for a clergyman at a formal dinner, was asked to say grace, and replied, "I see you are talking to me, sir, but I am so damned deaf that if hell froze over, I wouldn't hear the cracking of the ice."

We shall not bore you with many statistics, though a few are handy conversation pieces. From source to mouth, the river traverses 287 miles. At Foggy

Bottom the Potomac becomes a tidal stream extending 100 miles to the sea in a magnificent estuary 2 to 7 miles wide.

Upstream John Smith's ships stopped below Little Falls. But the colonists who followed after, explored beyond, coming upon Great Falls, and then, farther up, the rapturous confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac. Here Harper's Ferry was established--and here John Brown's spirit went marching on, to lift the well-drilled but sluggish Army of the Potomac above incompetent generalship as it matched steel with the valiant Virginians under the matchless Lee, and finally conquered. Along the shores of the Potomac from Foggy Bottom to Harper's Ferry, and in neighboring fields that their leaders selected for battle, the blood of boys in Blue and Gray soaked the soil of Ball's Bluff, Antietam, and many a nameless place along the riverside.

One purpose of the Potomac is to form a border. Throughout its course it marks the boundary of Virginia and West Virginia with Maryland. Its chief headwaters are the North Branch and the South Branch. North Branch rises in the northeast part of West Virginia, South Branch in Highland County, Virginia. These branches join the river near Cumberland, Maryland, and there the mainstream of the Potomac begins.

Practically in our front yard, across Georgetown Channel from Foggy Bottom, is an island that lies opposite the cutting edge of the river. One frosty morning in March, 1904, or thereabout, Teddy Roosevelt was out walking in Foggy Bottom with an aide when he had one of those strenuous ideas for which he had become famous. He was overcome with a compulsion to swim across the Potomac to that island, and challenged his aide to come along. No sooner said than done, the President and his companion stripped to their red woolens and plunged into the icy waters. They made it! TR escaped pneumonia, though he didn't deserve such luck; and ever since that day (almost) what used to be known as Anacostian Island has been Theodore Roosevelt Island. Our new bridge will cross it.

If you are interested in birdwatching, you should visit the Theodore Roosevelt Island some morning. Along its shores the American egret has been seen hunting food in the shallow waters. The cattail marsh

(Continued on page 10)

D & W

M A R K E T

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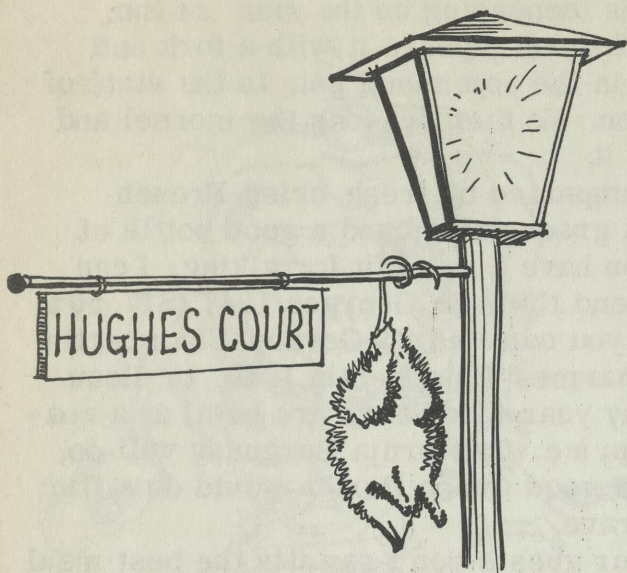
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CATCH A POSSUM



The nox was lit by lux of Luna,
And 'twas a nox most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er this
mundus,
A shallow nix, et nun profundus.
-- Carmen Possum

Jenny Robards of Hughes Court was raking leaves in her patio the other Saturday morning when she raked up a fluff of black and white, connected with a long naked tail and a snout that showed an ugly row of teeth.

"Possum!" Jenny shouted to herself, and then went and shouted to her neighbor: "In my patio is a possum--or something!"

That's what it was--a half grown possum.

Now what Department of the Government do you call about a possum in your patio? The Zoo, of course.

But the man at the Zoo said they had all the possums they wanted--he suggested that the little fellow might be returned to the woods.

"Just pick him up by the tail and put him in a sack," said the man. "He won't bite you if you first put a stick in his mouth."

That is what Jenny's neighbor did, except instead of emptying the sack in the woods, he put the possum in a wooden basket, fastened down the lid, and left the basket in his patio. He planned to domesticate Mr. Possum and keep him for a pet for awhile.

But Mr. Possum flew the coop that night. He chewed a hole through the side of the basket and crawled out into the big world, a free possum.

If you find him curled up in a pile of leaves in your patio, take him by the tail, put him in a sack--and so forth.

Opossum--Any of various American marsupials, especially *Didelphis virginia*. Marsupials are an order comprising the lowest existing mammals except Marsupialia. It is chiefly nocturnal, largely arboreal, and almost omnivorous. When caught it feigns death, hence the expression, "playing possum." A pouch on the abdomen of the female contains the teats and serves to carry the young. The Virginia possum has 13 teats, 44 teeth, and a small brain. The possum is found no where but in America. He is the wonder of all land animals.--Webster.

FOGGY BOTTOM CUISINE

Soft Molasses Cookies

The recipe for these cookies has certainly been thoroughly tested. The Griffin family has used the recipe for four generations on the Eastern Shore of Maryland (near Denison), and we have baked perhaps a quarter million cookies ourselves here in Washington, using the same formula. We think nothing of baking up a batch for 400 guests, as we did on Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941, or much less, for 100, the number we hope to serve during the Coffee Hour following the meeting of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association next Monday evening, November 17.

Our molasses for this baking comes from Missouri, sent as a gift from a friend of the Association, Commander Robert Emmet Rogers of Ozark, Christian County. Commander Rogers thinks this year's "vintage" of Ozarks "lasses" is superior in flavor and bouquet; indeed, he avers, Christian County sugar cane usually transmits to the syrup a higher quality of these desirable attributes in the even rather than the odd years.

We hope the fragrance of these fine Ozark lasses is transmitted to you when you partake of our cookies. Here is the recipe we use: 375° Temp. Preheat oven about 15 mins. Bake 10 or 15 mins.

1 c. shortening	1. Cream shortening.
1 c. brown sugar	Cream in Sugar.
2 eggs	2. Add whole eggs one
1 c. molasses	at a time. Beat well
2 T. vinegar	after addition of each
5 c. flour	egg. 3. Add molasses
1 T. ginger	and vinegar. 4. Sift
1 T. soda	together flour, ginger,
	soda. Stir into batter.

Roll out to 1/4" thickness. Cut with 2 inch cookie cutter. 5. Arrange on baking sheet an inch or more apart. Bake.

--Marguerite Griffin and Etta Mai Russell

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FOGGY BOTTOM CUISINE

Fondue Bourguignonne

If the last time you had guests, Aunt Sadie from East Cupcake, Missouri, or Cousin Charity from Cape Cod telephoned just when you were about to take your finest roast out of the oven, or if your guests arrived an hour late because of the change in time, I offer my sympathy and a good suggestion for your next party. Serve a Fondue Bourguignonne (Burgundian fondue) and you will discover a number of advantages:

Everyone will be crazy about it.

All guests will participate and feel important.

Your guests will be busy and sociable.

There are no seasoning problems - each guest does it his way.

You will have no worry about whether the meat should be very rare, medium rare, plain rare or well done - let them eat it raw if they wish!

No preparations in advance are necessary.

Dishwashing is reduced to a minimum - or less, if you have a dog in the house.

If you don't have many dishes, it's the answer to your prayer.

No one can complain later to the cook.

Do you want to give it a try? Here's the formula, as handed down by the great, great granddaughter of the 12th century Queen of Burgundy, Bertha with the Long Foot.

Purchase 8 to 12 ounces of tenderloin or other tender, fat-free beef (only the best will do) for each guest, and one pound of unsalted butter. Provide each guest with a plate, fork, and sharp knife. When time to serve, in the center of the table place an alcohol burner, an electric plate with heat control, or a stand which will hold a can of Sterno (which I have used successfully, first melting the butter in the kitchen). Use a tureen, preferably one glazed on the inside and porous on the outside (mine is a Gourmet) and heat the pound of butter in it to a degree just below the browning point but without smoke. The butter should sputter when the meat is cooking. You will find a tureen preferable to the ordinary chafing dish.

Serve each guest a generous portion of raw beef, garnished with parsley or other greens, and a quantity of salt and pepper which should be mixed together on the plate. Each person then cuts off the mouthful piece

he wishes (depending on the size of the mouth, that is) spears it with a fork and cooks it in the communal pot, to the state of perfection. He then seasons the morsel and relishes it.

Accompanied by fresh, crisp French bread, a green salad, and a good bottle of wine, you have a meal fit for a king. I can recommend Nuits St. Georges 1947 (\$17.50 a bottle if you can find it), Gevrey-Chambertin 1949, Charmes-Chambertin 1949, or Beaujolais any year (odd years are best) at a reasonable price. California Burgundy will do, but I fear good Queen Bertha would do a flip in her grave.

If your guests don't say it's the best meal they ever had, I'll buy a semaphore for 25th and K.

-- Inez Larson

PhD Pottage

When I was cramming for my orals, my wife used to feed me on her exquisite pot-au-feu. Ham hock soup it was. Sadie used to say she was working for her advanced degree, her PhT-- "Putting Husband Through." She always kept a pot of the soup simmering on the back of the stove.

The day before I was to face my accusers, Sadie threw a high tea for some of the other graduate students together with certain candidates for the Ph. T., their tattered, careworn wives. Included in the list of guests was the professor who was my thesis adviser. We were counting on him to ask us the easy questions on the morrow.

Assisting Sadie with the canapes, cakes, and cookies were some toothsome females who liked to practice institutional cookery at large parties given by their friends, and join in the talk.

Well, to come to the point of my story, my thesis adviser liked the pretty girls and the tea things so well that he stayed for supper. And what do you think Sadie served my Professor? Her pot-au-feu, of course. That did it! For a mess of pottage he saw me through my exams next day --or so Sadie used to brag. She referred to the soup affectionately as her "Ph. D. Pottage." Here is how she made it:

Shopping like mad, she gathered in the ingredients: 1 meaty ham hock - 4 to 6 lbs. of it. 1 soup bunch and some small lima beans--cabbage, turnips, carrots, parsley, celery and celery tops, onions, tomatoes, parsnips. (continued on page 5)

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET A HAIRCUT

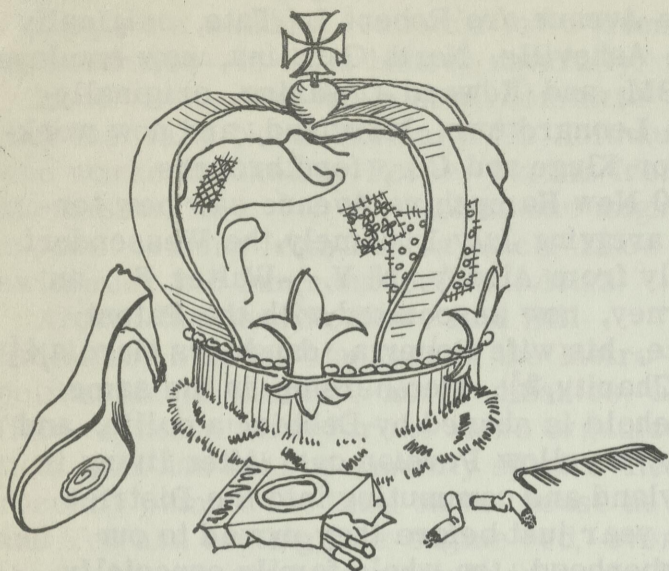
FRANK'S

2508 PENN

FOR

\$1²⁵

8 am - 6 pm



FOGGY BOTTOM PLAYS HOST TO ROYALTY

The residents of Fobo (short for Foggy Bottom) may become so used to their princely surroundings that they will take them for granted; it may be good for them and for their morale to be occasionally reminded of the high privilege they enjoy in living where they do. Such a reminder was offered them one day recently a queen elected, as a place to slumber, one of the most regally built homes in the area - truly a house fit for a queen: the house that Jack built (with Russ) at 2508 - I.

She came, discreetly, without retinue, left her bejeweled crown dangling on a bush outside, and slowly walked through the halls, seeking a quiet place where to lay her weary head. And she found it, and she rested.

Jack (Griswold) and Russ (Applegate) went there the next morning, for they had a premonitory dream - and they wanted to pick up

(Continued from page 4)

She used the spices that were on our shelf-- a couple of cloves of garlic, thyme and rosemary, bayleaf, and allspice. Soak the beans overnight. Boil the ham hock till the meat slips off the bone. Meantime, cut up cabbage, chop parsley, take tops off celery, slice tomatoes-- leave the onions whole but remove the outer skins. For 6 quarts of water, allow 4 pounds of ham hock, with bone, 2 or 3 small sliced turnips, 2 or 3 cups of beans, after they are soaked, half a dozen medium onions, 6 medium carrots, a couple of parsnips, spices sparingly, salt and pepper to taste.

When the ham hock has boiled till the meat falls off, add vegetables and spices. Let the pot boil and simmer until you have a thick soup with a delectable aroma--an aroma that would cause a professor of ethics to commit perjury for a bowl of it.

Sadie always said the soup should never stop boiling till done. Once started water must never be added. She should know--she put husband through.

-- Charley Rogers

We hope to keep FOGGY BOTTOM CUISINE as a regular feature. Send us your favorite recipe story. -- THE EDITORS

a hammer and saw they had left in the kitchen. As they entered the bedchamber, they came into the august presence, and they said unto her, "Hey, you! Where do you think you are and what are you doing here?" And Her Majesty retorted with great dignity, "Be proud that I have selected this place to stay overnight - for a bronze plaque shall some day be placed upon the outside wall in commemoration of this occasion." Rising slowly on her right elbow, she added "I am the Queen." "But," said Russ most respectfully, "of which country are you the Queen?" And she said, "I am the Queen of Sheba." And Russ and Jack knew it was true, for she looked exceedingly Sabean.

"Then," said Russ, "let us make this house more worthy of your presence. Be kind enough to adjourn - at least for a time - so that we may do our work. And, by the way, will Your Majesty be good enough to peel off MY jacket!"

And the Queen, upon being pressed, consented. She took off the jacket, but kept the cigarettes. And, for lack of a palace guard, was ushered out by the local policeman.

And that's why Russ and Jack are truly sorry to part with their newly finished house. They wish they could afford to live in these regal surroundings themselves.

* * * * *

NEWS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE

By Marguerite Griffin and Etta Mai Russell

At the Apex of our triangle in Foggy Bottom, where New Hampshire Avenue, 25th Street, and Virginia Avenue converge upon each other, stands a three-story pink house in which live our doctor, Forrest K. Harris II and his attractive and efficient wife Carol. Dr. Harris has what we call a rare distinction--he is a native Washingtonian, and a graduate of George Washington Medical School. Upon finishing his internship at GW he had a "shingle hanging" party under his little gas light in his yard--an event in which many of his friends shared. Perhaps you were one of the neighbors who attended this party. Mrs. Harris is a laboratory technician who works along with her husband. These two friendly professional residents of Foggy Bottom are well liked and appreciated by their neighbors on N. H. Avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. Keith Wilson of 802 New Hampshire Avenue have just received news from England of the birth of their first grandchild, Leigh Anne Stokes. Their daughter Patricia Stokes was visiting here this spring. She and her husband make their home on a houseboat on the River Thames, and are moored alongside The Old Palace, at Richmond Surrey.

New Hampshire Avenue (continued)

Mrs. Mary S. Johnstone of 804 New Hampshire Avenue, a foreign service officer with the State Department, will be leaving shortly to take up her new assignment in Canberra, Australia.

Miss Marguerite Griffin, after a long hot summer, has just installed central air conditioning in her home at 808 New Hampshire Avenue. As you know, this home is shared by Miss Etta Mai Russell and the toy white Poodle, Charlie. Painters and carpenters have spent most of the month of October, it seems, also in residence at 808. House guests also have been entertained at 808.

Mrs. John Friedel and Mrs. Dan Sawyer of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Mrs. Tilghman Hardcastle Williams of Maryland's Eastern Shore were visitors this past month.

Madeleine McCandless, an artist of note, could be seen each morning during the summer, painting in her charming garden at 810 New Hampshire Avenue. In 1957, after spending the summer in the artist colony in Noank, Connecticut, under the direction of Robert Brackman, she had a one-man show at home following which she exhibited some of her paintings at Corcoran Gallery in 1958. Veronica, her adopted daughter, has befriended and taken in for the winter the big black and white cat which has spent the summer on top of their back fence.

Miss Ann Goodwin, 816 New Hampshire Avenue, vacationed for two months in Western Canada this past summer, attending British Columbia's Centennial Celebration. She arrived in Victoria just prior to Princess Margaret's visit and attended many of the Centennial activities in her honor. Miss Goodwin describes Victoria as one of the most beautiful cities she has ever seen, in Europe or America, with its snow-capped mountains in the background and in every home a glorious flower garden. On her return home she visited Jasper and Banff National Parks.

Beatrice Wilgus, 818 New Hampshire Avenue, a pioneer in the street, has given her house a new uplift with a fresh paint job, and has a most attractive patio with gay flowers to welcome her visitors. Mrs. Wilgus is a remedial reading specialist for children and works with the Montgomery County, Md., school system. Her vacation was spent in the New Hampshire mountains.

The two bachelors living at 828 New Hampshire Avenue are Robert L. Tate, originally from Asheville, North Carolina, now employed by IBM, and Edward J. Waring, originally from Leonardtown, Maryland, and now working for Kluge and Co., food brokers.

830 New Hampshire Avenue saw new tenants arriving July 1, namely the Wessendorf family from Albany, N. Y. -- Walter F., an attorney, now associated with the Patent Office, his wife Roberta, daughters Marcia, 4½ and Charity, 2½. Membership in the same household is shared by Debbie, a collie, and Taffy, a yellow Persian cat. After living in Maryland and commuting into the District for a year just before they moved to our neighborhood, the whole family especially appreciate the convenience of their new location here in Foggy Bottom.

Because of her Scottie Baby-San, Eleanor Glenn was unable to find an apartment -- dogs were not wanted. But she had the good fortune to find a home at 806 New Hampshire Avenue which she declares is by far the nicest place she has ever lived in. Eleanor, a Foreign Service Officer of the State Department, returned to home duty from Japan in June. In Tokyo, she was protocol officer at the United States Embassy -- the Emily Post of the staff -- and also administrative assistant to our ambassador. Before her tour in Japan, Eleanor was stationed for eight years in Germany, mostly in Berlin. She was there during the blockade. She and Baby-San hope to be familiar figures in Foggy Bottom for the next three years. After that another assignment will take them abroad.

NEWS FROM SNOW'S COURT

By Mary N. Moynihan

Paul Flint, past president of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association, and Alice and their children, are now living in Verona, Italy. Cosmopolitan bunch, these Foggy Bottomers. Arrivederci, Paul and Alice!

We have several new, i. e. hitherto unreported, residents in the Court. Here they are in numerical order:

Celia Barrett of Kansas City and Margaret Bryan of California are in the Blumenthals' house at 1 Snow's Court. Both girls work at the Supreme Court and have demolished the myth that Snow's Court houses are too small.

(Continued on page 7)

THE SIDE DOOR

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News from Snow's Court(continued)

They gave a wedding reception for a friend this summer--in their house, naturally!

In #4, Betty May has a new roommate (her last is in North Africa), Mae Holthaus, who works for the Air Force. Mae is from Manhasset, L. I., N. Y., and as one might expect, coming from such a place, likes swimming and other outdoor activities.

Around the bend in #9 we find Bill Hollister, Service Manager of the Metropolitan Music Library, and Ted Santos, a field representative for the same organization. Bill has real community spirit. He recently painted the trim on the house he and Ted are renting fire-engine red, even though he expects momentarily to be drafted. He also rescues our pugnacious pouch from dog fights.

Guyla Woodward, an attorney with the Labor Department, and Patricia Marinaro, a speech therapist at Georgetown University Hospital, are in #11. They attended our last meeting but slipped out before the social hour.

Next door at #12 we found Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris, who also attended our October meeting. He is an Assistant Professor of Law at G. W., specializing in torts and procedures, and she teaches a special class for brain injured children at University Park, Md.

At #17 are Paul Clement and Jerry Kaplan. Jerry is a physicist at the Naval Research Laboratories. No hobbies were claimed, but several parts of an advanced hi-fi set were in evidence.

Down at the bottom of the court, in the Flint's house (#21) are Roderick and Beth Alderton. They aren't newcomers, but they haven't previously been mentioned in THE NEWS. Rod works for the Air Force. He was recently on a business trip to Ottawa.

I - STREET ITEMS

Mrs. H. P. Caemmerer at 2404 - I, we've discovered, is a woman of real foresight. She has visited rural England, fell in love with it, and dreams of living there some day, many years hence. But she's already getting in trim. She has her thermostat set at 62 and dresses more warmly indoors than the average Foggy Bottom resident. It's probably the word "fog" in Foggy Bottom that made her move here in the first place. She says she is thriving on it. Some day

soon someone will tell her the awful truth and she'll have to set the thermostat down to 42 and bundle up a little more. We hope she drains the water pipes, too.

The first offspring of Nan and Dee Van Wagenen at 2423 - I arrived at George Washington Hospital (where Nan is a doctor on the staff) at 8:30 a. m., just in time for work, on Wednesday, October 22. Congratulations! It's a boy, over six pounds, and has been named Jay for Nan's brother, Dr. Jay Poppell at 2604 K Street (the man with the monkeys). The family Chevrolet disappeared the same day and hasn't shown up yet. Dee says the police are looking everywhere for it, but some of his neighbors suspect he turned it in on the new cradle and heir. The upkeep is no doubt less and he won't need to Simonize so often. But the two Siamese cats liked the car a lot better.

Hospitable Henry Schalizki and Bob Davis at 2420 - I are already looking forward to late February or early March when the sap will run in their handsome new maple tree. They will expect their Foggy Bottom neighbors to assemble with buckets.

Angela and Andrew Nilles at 2422-I recently took their first jaunt since their successful train trip to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Las Vegas. This time they motored, accompanying Betty and Art Wellborn of 2410-I and Thora (Thunder for short) and Harry Brown of 915 Green's Court for a weekend at Rehoboth Beach.

Miss Barbara Johnson, 2509-I (upstairs) was ill and confined to her home for over three weeks in September, but she is now recovered and returned to her work.

R. P. "Pat" Warlick of 2532-I resigned his position with the FDIC recently to accept a new job selling tax exempt securities (municipal bonds) with the brokerage firm of Folger Nolan Fleming - W. B. Hibbs and Company, Inc.

Leonard Rayl of 2524-I has moved his interior design business to Georgetown, in association with the Side Door, 1404 Wisconsin Ave. When asked the obvious question, he answered, "This is in no way an indication of disloyalty. I like Georgetown a lot, but Foggy Bottom is home to me." After seeing the almost-completed project of Leonard's and John Howerton's house at 2524-I, we feel the boy knows his business all right.

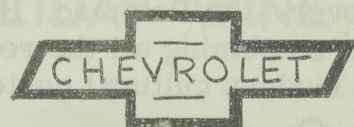
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ACROSS FROM THE MAYFLOWER



BILL BRYAN WOULD APPROVE

Near the foot of 26th Street in South Foggy Bottom stands a statue of William Jennings Bryan, arch foe of Demon Rum. People say his sculptured likeness represents the Commoner in dramatic disapproval of our Foggy Bottom brewery, his back turned on it, right arm thrust high and index finger pointing rearward in scornful gesture.

But Bryan was also an old Chatauqua hand, likely the greatest of them all. And so it may be that the Great Commoner, who for a generation carried culture to the crossroads of America, will hereafter point with pride. For just back of his statue, there in the little park skirting Rock Creek Parkway along the river bank, will soon rise the great Center of Performing Arts that will attract culture to the Nation's Capital.

The purpose of our National Cultural Center will be to present opera, popular musicals, the ballet, folk dancing, plays, lectures, and public meetings of all sorts--a regular chatauqua-like miscellany. Three basic facilities are planned for the Center--an opera house, a symphony hall, and space for one or more repertory theaters. These might be in one, two, or three buildings, depending on the designs still to be worked out.

A national competition for designing the structures has been proposed. Frank Lloyd Wright led off the Institute of Contemporary Arts new season last month with an offer to design the center free of charge. He felt that any center built on the Foggy Bottom site should be erected over a gigantic parking lot. The building should extend over the roadway to--and perhaps in some instances over--the Potomac. He saw no difficulty in combining all the requirements of a modern cultural center under one roof.

FOGGY BOTTOM AT WORK

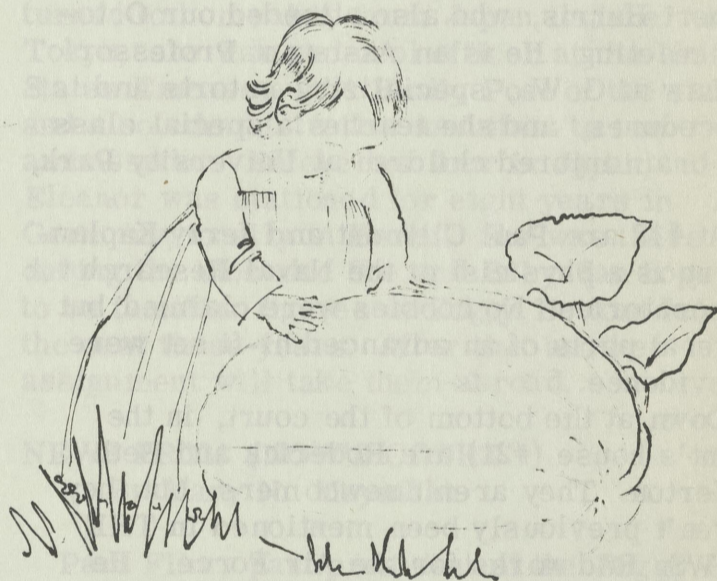
Plants Are Her Life

Velva E. Rudd is one of those fortunate people whose vocation, avocation, and home-making are linked harmoniously in providing a living, advancing a profession, and enriching a life. Vel is a plant taxonomist--that is to say, a systematic botanist. This is the specialized branch of botany that is concerned with classifying plants.

But if you classify Vel you need a considerable bit of space to write it all down. Her job is Associate Curator, Division of Phanerogams, Department of Botany, U. S. National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institution. (Phanerogams are flowering plants--not nonflowering plants, such as ferns, mosses, and seaweeds.)

Like the land of Caesar's Gaul, Vel's job is divided into three parts--naming plants sent in for identification, curatorial work, and research.

Suppose you had dug up something that you thought was ginseng root, as George MacKinnon did recently, and took it to Vel for



verification, as George did. This was an easy one for Vel--even before George opened his mouth she glanced at the plant and said "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," much to George's chagrin.

But others aren't so easy. Mrs. Bessie Jones of Ozark, Arkansas, wants to know if it's safe to make jelly from berries sent in. Susie Q of Foggy Bottom, USA, wants help in writing a 5th Grade school paper: "Please send me all you have about plants." And the FBI has a leaf from a murder victim's car. They want to know: "Is it anything that shows the car crossed a State line?" Another inquirer asks, "What is Pega-Polo?"

(Continued on page 9)

Plants (continued from p.8)

The question about Pega-Polo came from the Food and Drug Administration, which said it was advertised as a potency potion, guaranteed to revive youthful vigor in old men. You put a stick of Pega-Polo in a beaker of rum and leave it overnight, then drink it, and you feel wonderful--and potent! The "stick" looks like a piece of bean stalk to the Smithsonian taxonomists--the real stick, they surmise, is in the rum.

Vel's curatorial job is to help keep the Smithsonian's series of over 2 million sheets of plant specimens in order. There are roses and lilies and beans and untold numbers of others, all bearing Latin names. The specimens are pressed, each attached to a separate sheet. The curator keeps them in special order, like librarians keep books. Vel keeps the North American, Mexican, and Central American specimens in order--others look after specimens from different geographical areas.

She showed us some specimens that were collected over 200 years ago--these were borrowed from Kew Gardens in London. But the Smithsonian has some old ones, too.

The third aspect of Vel's job is also her avocation--research. In her spare time, especially on Saturdays, she and nearly all of her professional colleagues at the Smithsonian are to be found in their offices carrying on this aspect of their work. They write monographs on certain groups of plants or do work on the flora of certain areas. Vel works on various genera of the Leguminosae--the bean family. Some of these genera are not too well known, even now, with new species yet to be described.

Vel wrote her doctoral dissertation (GW, 1953) on Aeschynomene, which, she told us, is derived from a Greek verb that means "to be ashamed." The plants are so called because their leaves fold up when touched. There are about 75 species of this group of "sensitive plants" scattered over the globe, ranging in size from a clover to a large shrub. One of the species is found in Virginia--Aeschynomene virginica--and is known as "the Bastard Sensitive Plant." It is not regarded as the true sensitive plant.

That brings us to Vel's chief hobby--homemaking, and especially her gardening activities--growing things in the patio, of her little house in Hughes Court, and along

the outside walls.

That lovely evergreen fire thorn espaliered like a fan across the front of her house bears white blossoms in summer and red berries in winter. A scarlet runner is a joyous cover for her patio fence. Planted in May, this climbing bean reaches to the top of the fence by mid-June, keeps on blooming till frost, and produces beans that delight the palate in late fall.

Her parents declare that Vel's interest in botany began to be manifest when she was barely able to walk, and discovered a large pumpkin in their garden. When they took Vel away from that big, round orange colored "ball," her first Cucurbita pepo, she cried.

Vel can show you that picture of herself, a little girl in Fargo, North Dakota, who loved plants even before she knew a word of Latin, or could tell Nissolia from Ormosia.

FRONT PAGE AT ARENA STAGE

When a former professor, now a resident of Foggy Bottom, was young and romantic and taught the "ethics" of journalism to tough-minded kids who thrived on F. Scott Fitzgerald and H. L. Mencken, he used to represent The Front Page to them as atypical of the Press as we knew it, but nevertheless urged them to see it to learn how not to behave.

Older by a generation, the former professor enjoyed the rollicking farce for the sheer fun of it shortly after a revival of the play opened in Foggy Bottom's Arena Stage recently. This American theater classic of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur tells a lively story of two picaresque chaps, definitely unethical, on a newspaper in Chicago though it reminds us more of the old Denver Post. Call ME 8-6700 for reservations for a relaxed evening, but don't delay, for the show closes with next Sunday's production.

By the way, the Ford Foundation recently honored Arena Stage by naming it as one of 10 theaters to participate in a plan for developing new playwrights and directors.

NEW FACE AT McLACHLEN BANK

Guy D. Cowl, 2nd Vice President of McLachlen Bank, is the new face in the window at 2425 Virginia Avenue. Guy will be with us while Tom McLachlen is at the main office.

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH INVITES FOGGY BOTTOM TO ATTEND HARVEST FAIR

Foggy Bottomites are invited to the Harvest Fair to be held Saturday, November 22 in Pillsbury House of St. Paul's Church at 2430 K Street. Mrs. William H. Beck, who arranges the flowers for St. Paul's Altars, is planning the decorations, which are in keeping with the harvest season.

The Fair will open at 10 o'clock in the morning--there always is a 9:30 service in St. Paul's on Saturdays--and will continue through the day until 5.

Mrs. Nagel Haskin and Mrs. Ernest C. Baynard are chairmen. Mr. Haskin has a close tie in Foggy Bottom as he lived for some years in the Potomac Park, built by his father, the late Frederick Haskin, on 21st Street where the new State Department now is. There the late Mr. Frederick Haskin not only had his living quarters but the offices of his Haskin News Service. Both Mr. and Mrs. Haskin are lifelong residents of the District.

A delicious creamed turkey luncheon will be served from 12 to 2 o'clock. There also will be home baked foods, salads, candy and jellies; religious Christmas cards, books and articles; church calendars; "odds and ends"--worth-while articles which the owners are tired of but which will be attractive and useful to others; gadgets for the kitchen, and books already read and now ready to be passed on to other interested readers.

There will be an interesting room for children--the one where Sunday school classes are held. And it is an excellent opportunity for Foggy Bottomites to see all of Pillsbury House, the new parish house of St. Paul's. The Foggy Bottom Restoration Association holds its meetings in the second floor dining room, which you may have seen, but other rooms will also be open on November 22.

-- Katharine M. Brooks

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Again this year, the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association will offer prizes for Christmas decorations on our houses--\$15 first prize, \$10 second prize. Last year, first prize went to Henry Schalizki and Robert Davis, 2420 - I, and second prize to Gordon and Sis Campbell, 922-25th St.

Potomac Story (continued from page 2) provides nesting sites for long-billed marsh wren and red-winged blackbird. You may be startled by the rattling cry of the belted Kingfisher and see its flash of blue as it flies over the marsh to a new diving perch. As you walk the trails in summer, you may catch a glimpse of a secretive wood thrush, startle a mallard or a great blue heron in the marsh, see an inquisitive nuthatch, hear the noisy drumming of a downy woodpecker, or the songs of the wood pewee and the red-eyed vireo.

There is a book about the Potomac, written with feeling for its history, its utility, and its cultural significance, which gives us a rounded summary of the River's meaning. The book, entitled The Potomac, was written by Frederick Gutheim and published in 1949 (Rinehart and Company, New York). Mr. Gutheim is staff director of the Joint Committee on Washington Metropolitan Problems of the Congress. Much of the material in this article was drawn from his book. We are indebted to him further for permission to reproduce the following passage:

"The genius of the Potomac lies in its balance. It is a microcosm--it has been called a micro-chaos--of the nation. Lying between the ocean and the mountains, between the North and the South, its balance is epitomized in the profusion of plants, trees, birds, and wild life. On a foggy spring day the sea gulls are seen on the White House lawn; the mountain gold-finches rise in tiny yellow clouds along Rock Creek; and on a quiet evening in Lafayette Square you may find a small white owl. The foxtail pine of New England and the southern sweet gum flourish equally. The balance of nature is faithfully reflected in the very climate, the landscape, and the activities of man. Within a hundred miles of Washington can be found in miniature nearly every aspect of the nation.

"In its history the Potomac has been colored by the East and the West, the South and the North, and both the river valley and its principal city have become a cross section of the nation. Deliberately chosen as the seat of government because it possessed these qualities, it has mirrored faithfully through the years of its history the preoccupations of the nation. Balanced, it has adapted itself to changing times and changing needs, but its individuality has not been lost."

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ASSOCIATION BUSINESS

BULLETIN

Uppermost in the minds of members of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association is the announcement of the approval by the National Capital Planning Commission of the District Highway Department's proposed plan for locating the west leg of the Inner Loop across K and I Streets along 26th Street, involving many members' dwellings in its path. At our monthly meeting, to be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Monday, November 17, at 8:15 p.m., officials of the District Highway Department will be present to discuss with us the proposed project.

Over 80 people assembled in the handsome new Parish Hall of St. Paul's Church Monday evening, October 20 for the monthly meeting of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association. They voted unanimously to oppose rezoning of a vacant lot in the 800 block of 25th Street for construction of an 8-story apartment house. Herbert Socks, president of the Association, said such a building "would bisect an entire block of single-family row houses."

The Association also went on record in opposition to the proposed closing of public streets for the expansion of George Washington University Campus.

During the week following the meeting, 37 members of the Association wrote individual letters to the D. C. Zoning Commission, and 150 people signed a protest, which was presented to the Commission at the hearing held October 29 in the District Building. More than 30 Foggy Bottom householders were present to back up President Socks, assisted by Rufus Lisle, when

they appeared at the hearing to deliver the protest orally.

The Commission was expected to act upon the rezoning petition in about 2 or 3 weeks. At the time we went to press the action had not been announced.

The following is an excerpt from the protest presented to the Zoning Commission by President Socks:

"Surely, it is not the intent of the Zoning Commission, or indeed of the District of Columbia officials, to sacrifice the interests of individual property owners for large commercial interests.

"Single family row dwellings on these lots would complete the entire block and would certainly enhance not only the immediate area but the community as a whole. It is our understanding that a number of reasonable offers have been made to the owners for just this purpose, so it is not a question of these owners suffering an economic hardship by denying the application before you.

"It is felt that the Foggy Bottom area is rapidly approaching a point of maximum density and that the construction of additional high density apartments would not serve the best interests of the community."

THE FOGGY BOTTOM NEWS

CHARLEY ROGERS, EDITOR FE 3-3157
SHIRLEY KENNARD, ART EDITOR OL 2-7305
GEORGE MACKINNON, BUS. MGR. FE 3-2134
JOHN B. HOWERTON, ASST. BUS. MGR. FE 3-9344

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30
years

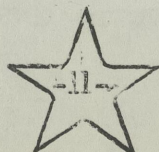
AT 25th AND PENNSYLVANIA

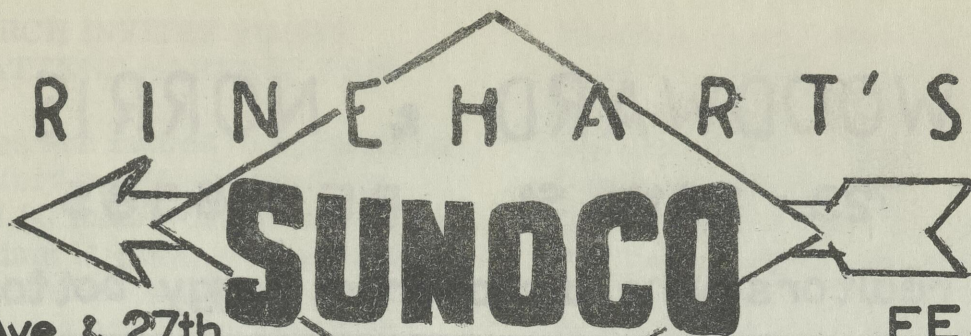
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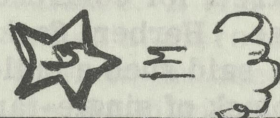


Virginia Ave & 27th

FE3-9829

The Sheriff Says —

... That with the Washington Monument closing up, the Potomac Plaza roof may be used for sightseeing, maybe... that the "L"l Davids in the area forced the owners of the Co-op to board up all their windows... that the saddest tree--a weeping willow--is in front of one of the happiest houses in the Bottom... that Peoples Life should name their new building Tara, and have music in the marbled halls... that some folks think that mums in bloom are more attractive to dogs than hydrants... that there was no auction in Greens Court this past month... that Doc Greenstein in Columbia Drug deserves praise for his patience--he has stood us for thirty years already... that the western type fence around the parking lot next to the Elise looks like a scene from Gunsmoke... that this column will not print recipes... that the Watergate Inn does not plan to put "bon mots" in the popovers --like Chinese fortune cookies... that you can have a ball at the St. Paul church bazaar on Saturday, Nov. 22, and do some Xmas shopping at the same time... that it is fun to watch the Gas Co. employees fill up their lot at 27th and Va... that 25th St. will resound this Saturday to wedding bells for one of pretty airline gals... that a lot of Bottomites are going to get "lloped" or something, someday... that Xmas decorations sure make up for the loss of the leaves and flowers....



OUR NEXT MEETING!

MONDAY - NOV. 17 - 8:15 P.M.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH HALL - 2430 K ST.

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